





# AUBADE

AUBADE

MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE

1975 - 1976

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EDITOR: Terry Mulloy

STAFF: Linda Constantine  
Anne Danford  
Tamara Hamric  
Beth Innis  
Susan Latham  
Janet McConnell  
Linda Nicholas  
Susi Ramzy  
Susan Schaeffer  
Roger Scott  
Kathy Sydnor  
Marla Vass

ADVISOR: Carlton R. Lutterbie Jr.



arose  
this  
broad-based morning  
to find  
crinkles on  
the edge  
of a bird's song.  
the dimensions  
engulfed me  
from the second  
underworld  
to find  
my  
mind amidst  
shades  
of cool  
green . . .  
rolling  
like sweet  
jazz  
past my  
window . . .  
my senses  
needed to walk . . .  
i let them



Liz Hoffman



Kristin Hill



To be locked in  
the corners  
of  
a  
preoccupied, myopic  
mind  
not caring about today  
narrowly speculating tomorrow is  
where life will begin  
is a fallacy.

For tomorrow is a  
kaleidoscope vision  
fuzzy, undefined colors  
which  
inevitably blend into  
desires of increasing  
self-pity  
blocking out the  
reality of today  
into an apathetic  
spirit  
and defeating purpose.

### Kid Stuff

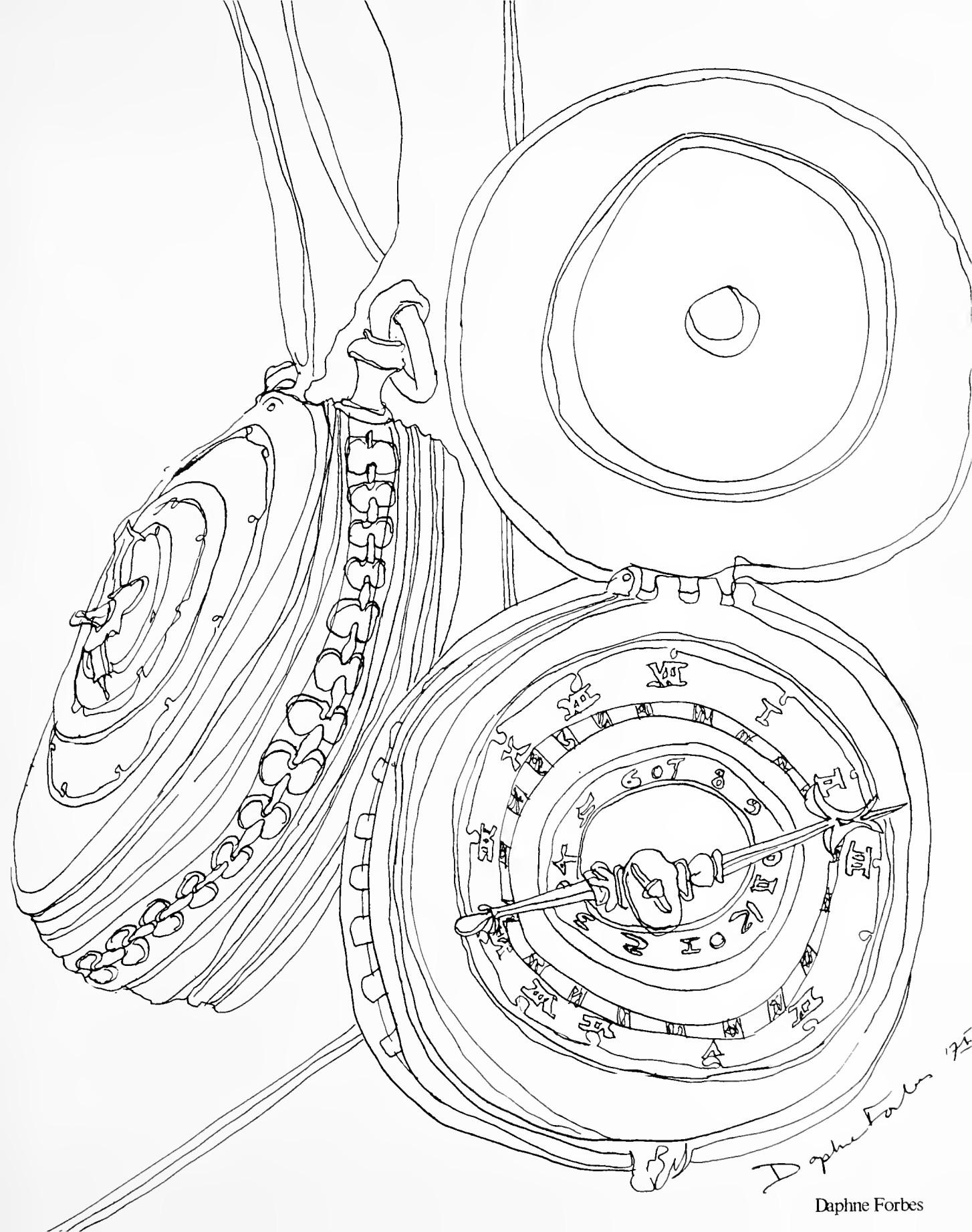
look at the matches  
stuck on the ceiling.  
my corroded walls  
have started peeling.  
why not inform  
my cheapskate landlord  
to build apartments  
with bricks and not board.  
mommy mommy  
can i come in and play?  
no, son,  
let the rain wash you away.

come my son  
it's time for school  
stop your actions  
in that piddle pool.  
round peg  
square block  
a stupid mouse  
ran up a clock.  
five and one  
is six  
very good  
pick up sticks.  
columbus sailed the ocean blue  
in eighteen forty-two.  
reject reject reject

go ahead  
skip a few  
protestant, christian  
catholic, jew  
tell me girl  
what are you?  
does it matter  
in our world today  
what we are  
and for whom we pray?  
study  
but i want to drive  
study  
no kids or a wife  
study  
have a party now and then  
study  
get off my back, who knows when.

### WORK

i don't have time  
WORK  
but i'm number nine  
WORK  
i've tried, don't you think?  
You'll be on your own bleep  
You'll be on your own bleep  
You'll be on your own bleep  
study, learn, work, build, create,  
You're on your own.  
is it the end so soon?  
sorry i let you down.  
don't we all?



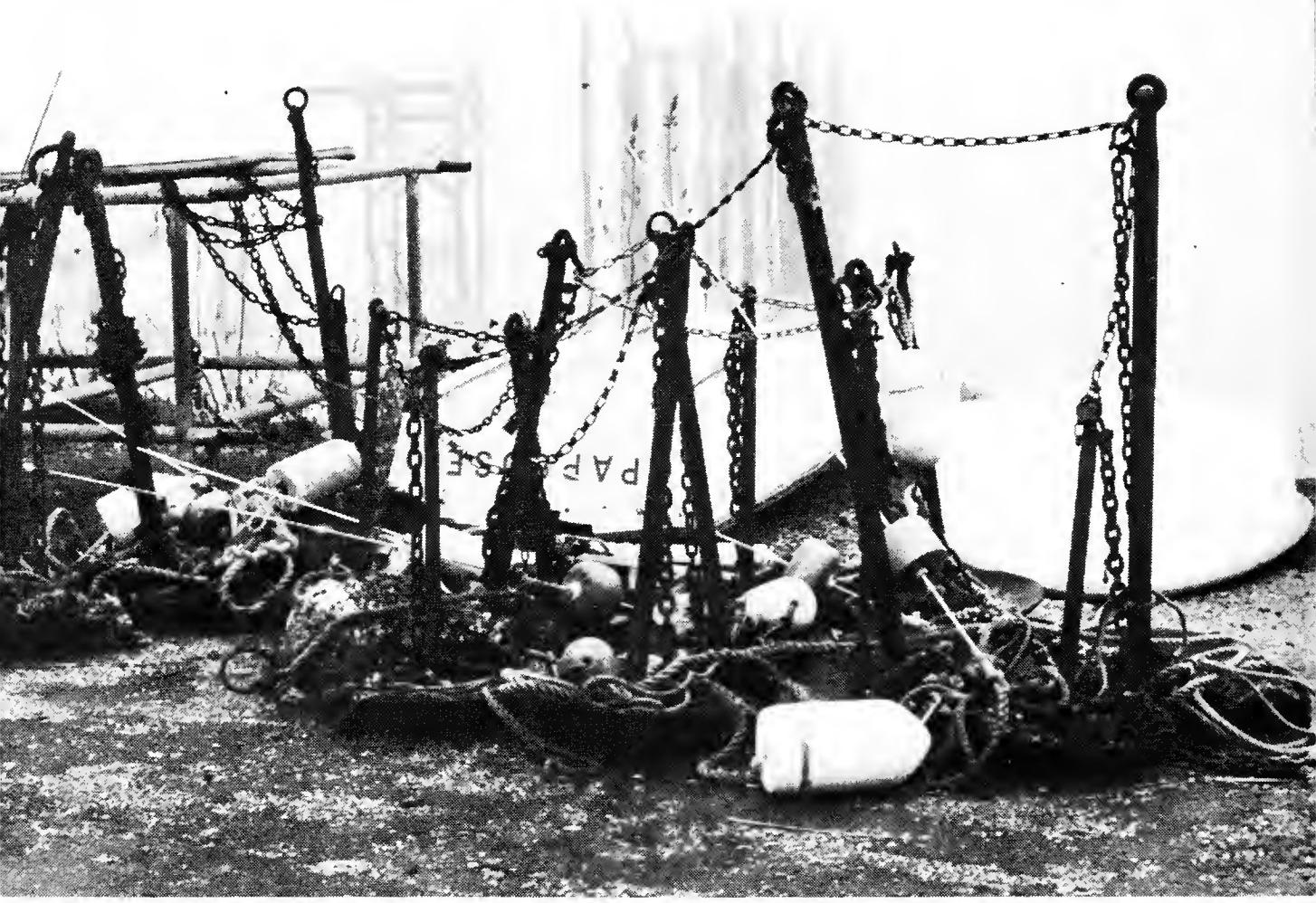
Daphne Forbes

ashes.  
ashes.  
we are nought  
but clay and dust,  
formed to be unformed.  
from infancy,  
to infinity,  
we dream our lives  
away,  
painting stars  
on metal monsters  
that only turn to rust,  
as the Puppet Master  
laughs  
at mankind's  
tangled strings.





Kristin Hill



Janet McConnell

It seems I've dropped anchor too long.  
I keep sighting smooth white-caps  
Shrugging shoulders on a distant beach.  
You've held me here  
like a buoy  
bobbing secure in your reach  
sure that no reef or shoal  
would rend my sails.  
I can't stand the calm no more.  
Can't sink it all in this channel,  
can't stay near the shore.  
I long for the oyster's secret,  
the mystery.  
You've got me hugging this boat now  
so intimately  
but you —  
who offer me diamonds  
you're always afloat.  
You never reach sea.

## REFLECTIONS ON PAST HISTORY

### GODDAMN

so i went to this girl that i knew the other day 'cause i was really feelin' shit-down and i felt like she was my friend and all so i said to her "listen i'm really feelin' bad and can i cry on your shoulder for a few minutes?"

well she got all hyper and looked at me like i was crazy and said "you must be outta your mind" and carried on about how she wouldn't be a mother to me an i should stand on my own feet an she was my friend but she wouldn't be a crutch and she wasn't the one to be a crutch anyway an maybe no definitely i should get help an maybe treatment.

and i thought "goddamn."

i wasn't askin' for a mother wouldn't use the one i had and couldn't understand why she was so defensive or what she was so afraid of 'cause i didn't need or ask for no lifelong crutch or any crutch for that matter 'cause all i wanted was a prop a type of ear so i could just kinda cry and get it outta my system so i could pull together and start off again fresh.

but she couldn't (or maybe wouldn't) understand that an just kept on rantin' and ravin' to the point where i was really sorry i'd asked in the first place and wondered how i coulda been so dumb to believe her when she said she believed me cause she knew i didn't lie and i don't really but even though she knew that or at least said she knew it she obviously didn't really believe it (or me actually) 'cause if she did or had then she wouldn't have gotten all bent outta shape an worried an all just 'cause i asked her to one time be the friend she said she was.

but she didn't see things that way so all i could say was "okay" and think "goddamn."

gets to be a drag.



Kristin Hill





Glenn Madison Jr. "Brooklyn Bridge"

Glenn Madison

imaginat ions

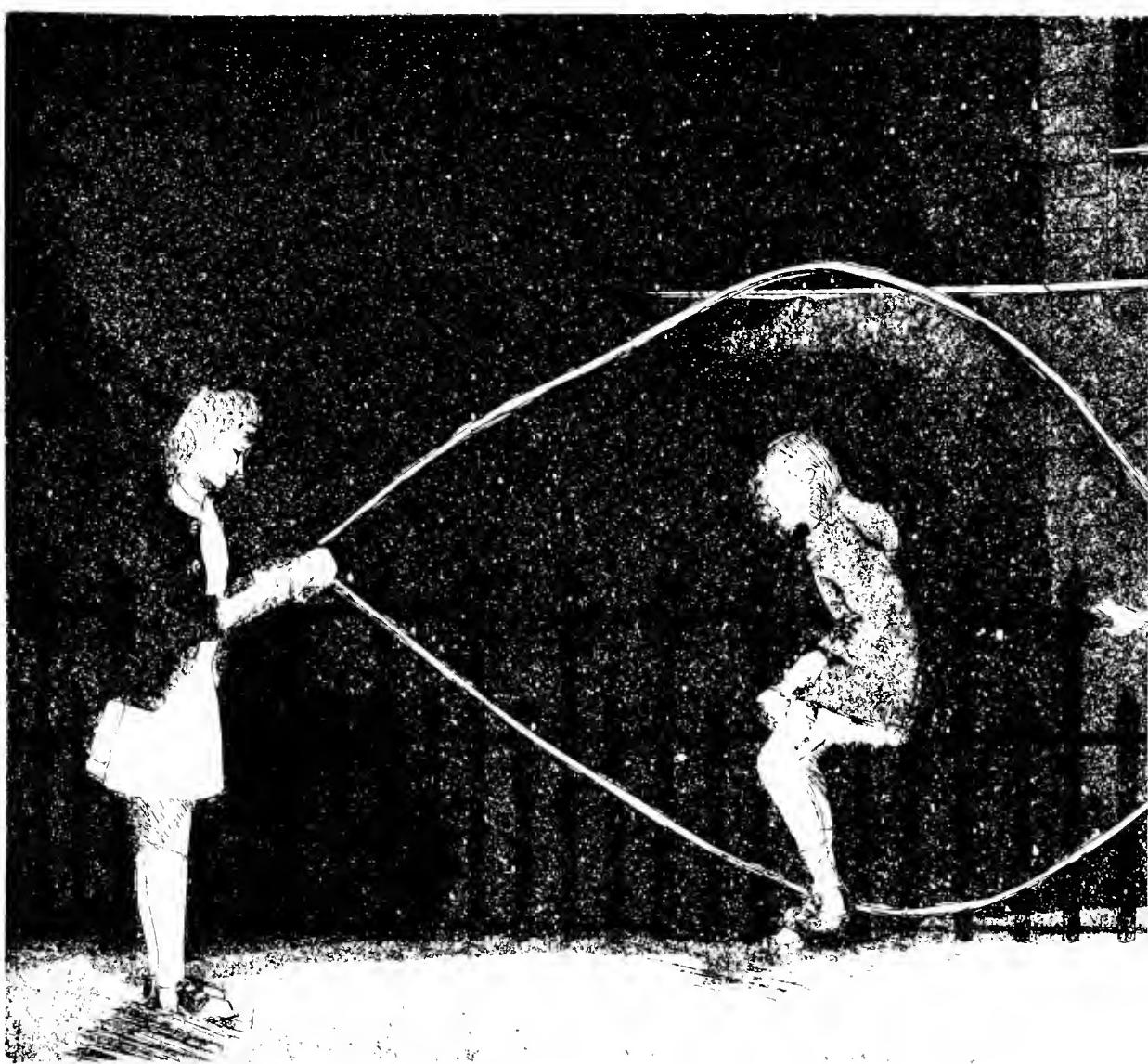
there's this yellow blotter  
on the hall desk  
that's always covered  
with tiny pencil sketches;  
the kind of sketches  
that one draws  
merely to pass the time.  
profitless release.

this curious habit,  
practised regularly  
by curious citizens  
(those with yellow      others)  
must be derived  
from some motivating force  
unknown to the pencil-pointing perpetrator.  
Freudian analysis.

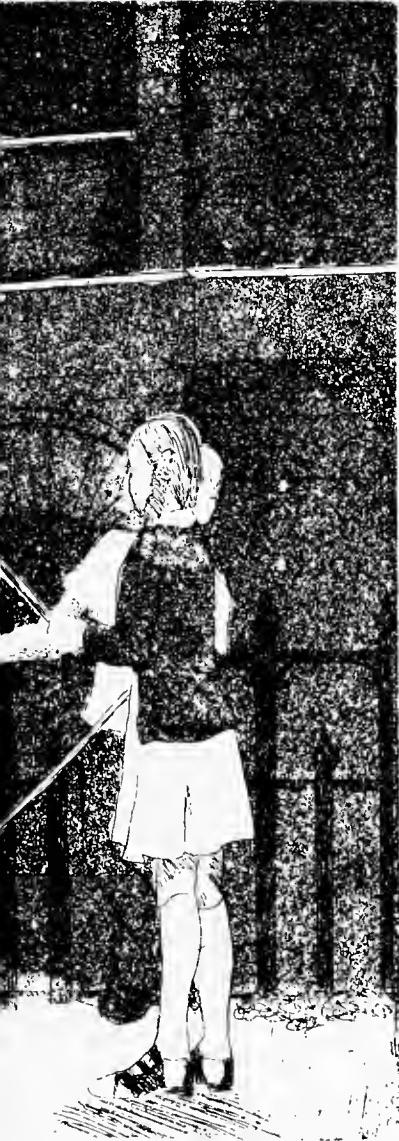
By simple observation,  
one knowledgable in couches  
would grin to see the collection:  
flashing egos,  
a couple of lingering superegos,  
and enough libidos poured over the yellow  
to consume it in flames.  
imaginat ions.



Sallie Smith



Lynne Batten



1

Hey  
little kid!  
I'm really sorry I laughed  
when you cried.  
Really!  
(but it just struck me as funny  
to see you gluing  
yourself to  
yourself  
to yourself  
with that wad of purple gum)  
and then you cried  
and stomped your foot  
(and stubbed your toe)  
and ran away  
leaving a trail  
of purple  
goo  
dots.  
I just had to laugh

habit

we meet for convenience  
not love  
lost long ago  
i wonder only  
why i continue so





### Blasphemy

the ritual libations  
i must be worthy  
and pure again;  
articulate care is taken  
to humble  
myself  
before Him.

i enter  
right foot first  
gestures proper  
and sacred;  
i pray diligently  
and wonder  
beside this wailing wall  
whether my god hears these prayers  
or is even  
a God  
at all.

That eternal pose . . .

As if she thought that every eye

Upon her was a camera, every one

of us, photographers,

Eager to capture the essence of her days

On the light-absorbing flimsy for some

Magazine cover, or other

Sacred scroll of

The perfect woman . . .

The drama of her speech

Was that which would have held the world

In breathless anticipation

around their television sets,

Awaiting her next word or act, searching for a clue

By which to understand the (undoubtedly most important)

Message contained within her being. One can almost see them,

Huddled around the bluish-tube light and hum,

Wasting their time . . .

The laughter was there, also,

Except when she was too, too caught up

In her role, except when even she believed herself,

so masterful was the performance.

It was there in her eyes, then, but more frightening

Was the laughter which came from her mouth,

So silvery authentic for such a liar. Even, white

Teeth, pink tongue darting out, suspended between gaping lips

As the hateful noise rushed past . . .

I loved her for her looks and speech and

Laughter, all those things

Most unreal about her—

“So elegant, so intelligent.”

—so false a representation of a human being,

Covering the wheels and gears and awful

Machinations of a mind that finds unendurable the possibility

Of something more important than herself, a personality that takes

And takes, and never gives . . .

. . . the greatest actress the world has ever known,

and her own best, frightened, frightful audience.



Working to get  
to print. Let dry  
Roll off continually to add  
to ~~size~~ Got very dry  
rolled in but roller pulled it  
off



I regular spot rolls. printed slab

Just as mercury changes form when touched  
And ceases to be what it was and becomes still something else,  
I have altered this being called “I” time and time again.

Momentary,  
Fleeting,  
Transitory,  
is each stage in my process of becoming.

And because confusion is a common consequence of youth:  
I’m entitled.

## Beyond Reflections

If we believed in seashells  
We'd find opalescent beauty  
On all the changing beaches  
Washed by ancient waters.  
And all things have a meaning  
There's a reason for each sound,  
So look beyond reflections  
And through the small vexations  
That shrink life's fluent streams,  
Forming pools of stagnant humanity.  
From the wisdom of the ages  
Come the superstitions  
Explaining away creation  
In ignorance and fear.  
I've often walked strange seashores  
Finding wars and acts of love  
Washed across from timeworn kingdoms  
Where only choking ash now reigns.  
Consider the gentle sea creatures  
Who after they have died  
Leave just their pretty houses  
As testaments to their lives.



Liz Hoffman





Kristin Hill

### Humor

Humor helps you endure,  
things of which you're not sure.  
If you laugh now and then,  
reality you can bend,  
and find yourself happy again.





Sallie Smith



4/14

Susan McCahey X'

Sue McCahey

Marvel Revery

Whip and Shoestrings  
on drugs  
tore Count Erstools,  
red, red,  
piecefully,  
from war books:  
arrested by heroes  
who deny them  
Will.  
and Testaments  
with injudicious bullets.



Glenn Madison

Prologue to *The Descent*

Let he who seeks what secrets I shall tell  
Proceed with caution, heed this warning well:  
Who disbelieves this verse  
Deserves this curse,  
That his best pleasure grieve him worse  
Than such tortures as I have witnessed in Hell,  
For there have I seen how the damned do dwell.  
Thus, skeptic reader, vouchsafe to quickly look  
At the mysteries I have stolen, and writ in this book:  
Beware of the Devil,  
Covetous of evil,  
With furtive retrieval of uncivil  
Novels, revivals, and approvals which mistook  
His shame for vanity; nor curse could he brook,  
Whereby Satire had been his most coveted book:  
Read carefully who of his shame partook.  
Yet he whose private soul in faith toward  
The shelter of some just and merciful Lord  
Does now, or herein bend,  
Need fear no wicked end,  
And may in safety soon descend  
As I deny that death so long abhorred,  
And tell those depths my spirit once explored.

So choose: depart, or follow: believe, or beware:  
Assist me with silence, yourself with prayer:  
And Great Spirit restore  
That night once more,  
Where none have been lost and returned before,  
That I, who compelled by contempt cannot forbear,  
May describe what wonders I witnessed there.  
In solemn melancholy I was wound  
With ancient poets and inventions found  
Intolerable to most,  
A liberal ghost,  
In fast reverence reposed:  
There Wisdom's grave executor, the renowned  
Philosopher, his Ethics did expound,  
While yet no hectic scene nor jarring sound  
Disturbed my ponderance of things profound.  
Then soon, with easy Sleep's dear shade subdued,  
A knock interrupted my solitude:  
"Come; let's see the world!"  
My senses swirled,  
And down the stairs we both were hurled:  
Which journey, though then misunderstood,  
He had sworn would cure that dangerous mood.

Epig. I

Thou itchy Mister giddy Dames adore,  
Who pricked with rank savage lust and haste  
Do love the harlot's fumey breath to taste,  
Capricious recreant, I thee deplore;  
And will thy saucy cosmetician whore,  
Who so oft lay in stodgy heat unlaced  
That thou but other itchy fools embraced,  
Thy wasted youth of Sloth and Pride restore?  
He doth but champ what others chewed before.

Epig. II

Three labels silver tricked the Tudor's fury,  
And betrayed the virtuous Earl of Surrey:  
Cobham, Popham, Coke, the Stuart's folly:  
As Henry his Howard, thus James his Raleigh.

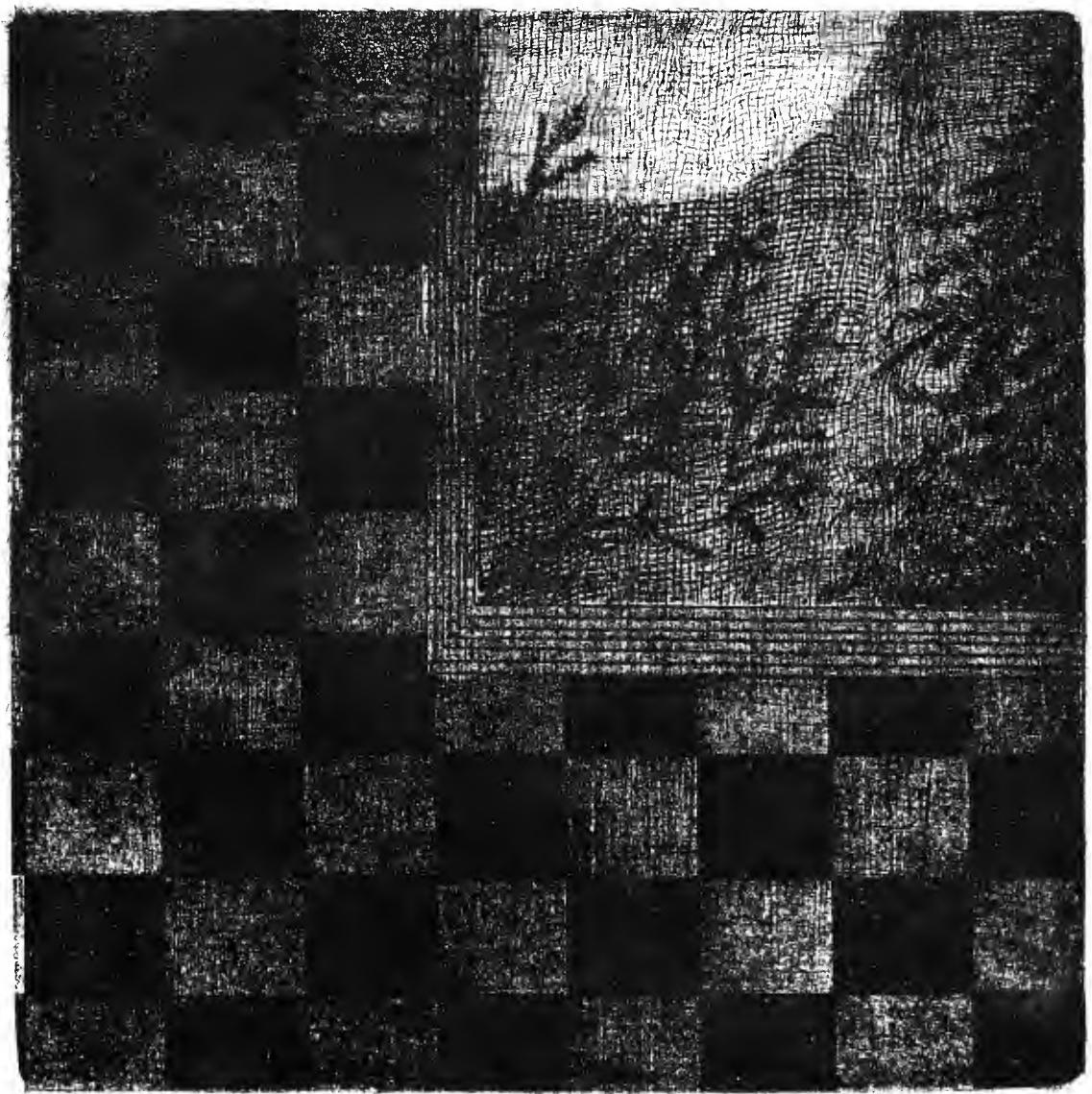
“Sunset for Believers”

“Paradise? Yes, this is Paradise.” thought she  
as she watched the elves climb endlessly  
upon green mountain ladders to the sun;  
watched them dip their rainbow buckets in ’til one  
elf dipped too far. The sun’s sides split with elfen cry  
as yellow rivers, buttered streams, streaked across an azure sky.  
Legionnaires came marching forth, trailing banners purple, pink;  
trod in puddles; boots of gold. “Twould be fine, I think,”  
said she, “to see a tournament, a joust, a fair.”  
With that, a myriad of colors, silken tents were there:

And so behold, on cloud white steeds  
The fairest knights in pale or mede  
Came riding unto battle fine.  
Sweet maidens toasted them with wine.  
Then with the first blow armour rung.  
With thundering swords their hard shields sung.  
It rained dark blood from purpling cleavers.

but what to do on rainy days? Just  
listen to the nonbelievers

gather dust.





Celia Morrison

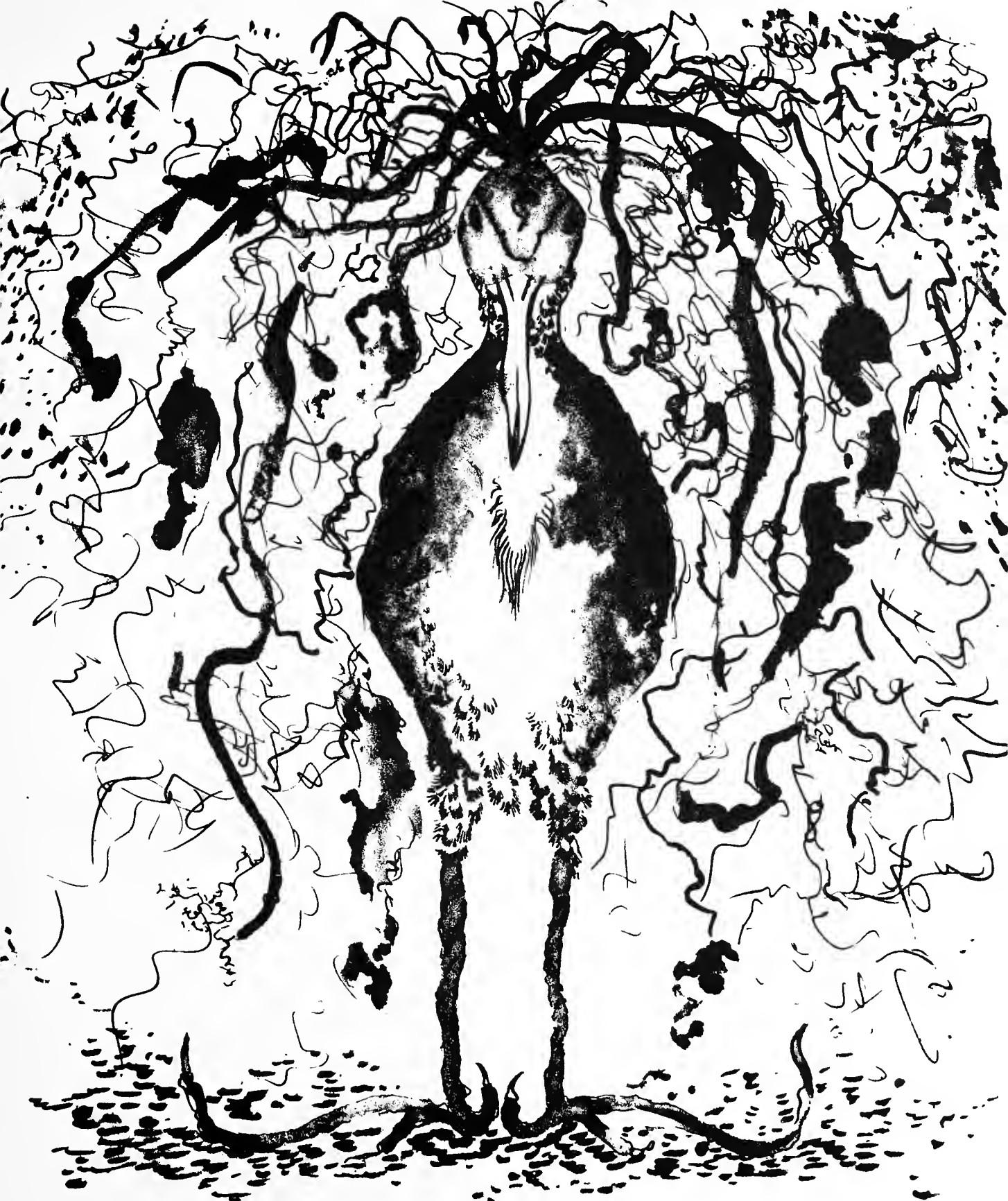
### Romanza

a dreamy haze  
of bright lights  
the razzle dazzle of it all  
as I am slickly serenaded across the dance floor  
my face to the stars as we turn –  
partnered by an ugly latin lover  
who gyrates a little too close –  
and I am moving, being moved  
by the rhythmic roll of the beat  
sensual sweat dripping down my face  
as I smile benignly at my pompous partner  
who thinks he lit my explosion  
**RAZZ MATAZZ!!**  
it's an orgasmic release  
and I am whirling, swirling  
gliding, chiding with eyes that gleam that  
stare, daring anyone to take me on  
to stop my frenzied merry-go-round  
it's Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!  
it's romance  
it's a dream  
and I sleep-step on and on

My underwhere was in print once  
and some guy said it sounded like me.  
Over coffee.  
I should hope so.

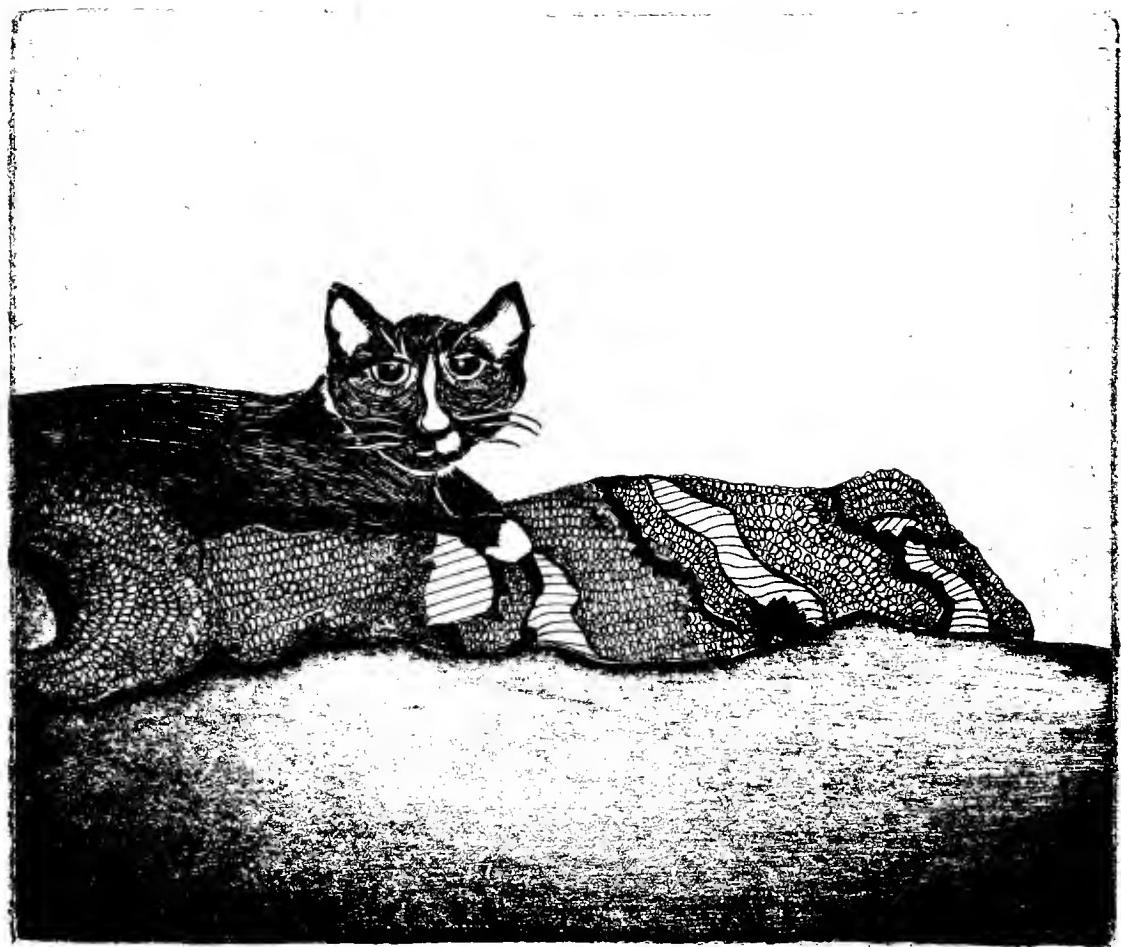
But then again--  
Thru this medium one could become many.  
A recent writing spoke of one in a thousand  
or something.  
Could be the bitter coffee,  
but there's been a drastic reduction  
down to about 246  
and continually declining.

Still.  
We all got dem shovels.  
Shuffling 'round.  
(Funny things the sun can do,  
yet the sun can't do them all.)  
Etc. You can dig it, ya?  
It's under here.









Judy Knoblock

## Partners

this foolishness between the two of us  
is uncalled-for and I wish  
we would stop trying to coerce  
each other into believing that

this foolishness between the two of us  
is not real but merely something  
that can be covered over  
with a few extra, laborious smiles.

this foolishness between the two of us  
is nerve-racking and only serves  
to draw chalk lines across the floor  
and make early mornings gloomy.

this foolishness between the two of us  
is sad, and my hand whimpers  
its wounded farewell while my eyes  
swell with their puffy tribute.

before you go, do you have the aspirin?





Glenn Madison



Sue McCahey

## BODY

there is nothing there but skin and bones  
I have a drifter's body

brown and tight  
and tired as the nights go by

there is nothing soft about me—I am mean  
the bones have angles

shoulderblades cut  
I would fit well at Belsen—with my Jewish backbone

the coarseness of my ankles  
my tongue of fire

the bones of my face  
the blood that rushes to my wrist  
the filings from the nails

nothing for you to touch, caress  
or to kiss

no soft sweet flesh or curve of breast  
to fit your mouth to

I am strong—slender long muscles  
ribcage

nothing to powder or to paint  
bones to hang skin on

how will you know if I fit to your body?  
this bedroom is not a testing ground

the sharpness will turn you away  
yet, you are still heavier than I  
with weight against my lightness  
my geometry

your work is cut out for you  
I am as obvious as anatomy.

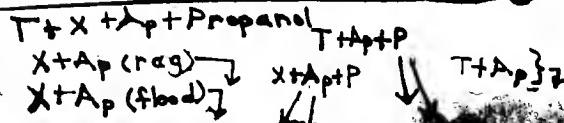
flooded

blown on

Sprinkled on  
here also

wiped

Turps + Powdered Asphaltum  
bottle & ragged on



Xylene Ra

Bl

X + P + A\_p  
P pushes

P↓

Pure  
P<sub>th</sub>

Stone tint ↓  
7/4  
4/4

l. etc., red slab

phantum  
it

4

X 1

+ ↑ X + Ap Sprinkled & Blown  
S over surface. At top X was  
X had begun drying applied over X + Ap when dry

$w+x+\Delta p$  peels off  $\sqrt{x+\Delta p}$   $w+x$

P  
replaces  
X

Soapbox oratory,  
Speechmaking at breakfast,  
Rushing from one town  
To another city and on and on . . .

A policy for every occasion,  
Marketing utopian dreams,  
Door to door salesmen  
Of people . . .

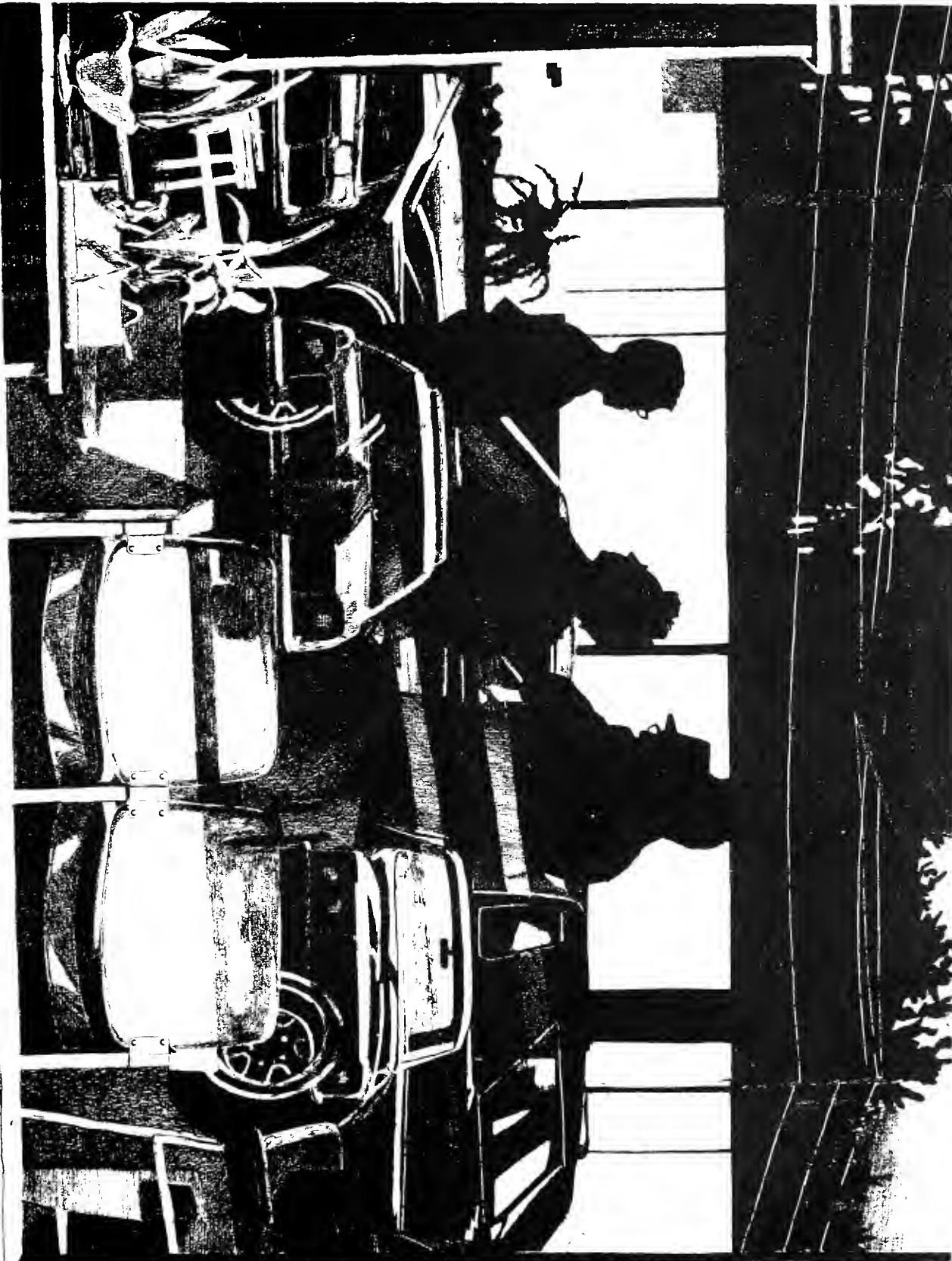
Scandals and promises,  
Mud slung and laughter,  
A collage of clowns,  
We call them leaders  
Politics . . .

### J. P.

Frustration! He's at it again  
Gibbering away with his grandiose garbage.  
A learning experience he claims with a smirk,  
If you don't understand it, you must be a jerk!

Learning what?? we ask one to another;  
Then staunchly we try with our stumbling steps  
To solve on the test its problems obtuse  
Sprinkled liberally with concepts unintroduced.

We protest in vain, this test isn't fair!  
He laughs at our horror and shows his derision;  
Too bad if we fail, he tells us in glee,  
Earning a living doesn't need a degree.



Glenn Madison  
75

"Silent convert"

Glenn Madison

dreams of only sounds  
brought to temporary death,  
the night's naked loneliness  
cries out for light of day  
and listens for dawn's call; from nests

where wings are wrapped in warmth  
and await the quick burst of flight,  
their throated pulse of fears warns them  
“escape the sounds that dream the night.”

but poor crackled trees fall to rot  
and underneath the blind roots turn in mush  
structure, shape, stripped to stalk  
a whispered fall, through to crash.

desertion by sun, encircling black,  
a hollow stillness invades the mind  
of memory, of day, of flight from dark,  
of dreams, all else but sounds are blind.



Carolyn Alexander

denouement

I'm empty of ink tonight  
there are no spurts of velvet passion  
no fluid longings  
left in this pen  
spent much too long  
in spilling out its love  
on your crowded unthankful pages



# AUBADE

1975 - 1976

Cover – Sue McCahey